THE New Republic

Our European Policy—Wait For the Worst

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UNIVERSITY OF VERMONT

A Time Bomb Ticks in East Germany

By SEBASTIAN HAFFNER

Englishman Bites Tax . . . . *Helen Hill Miller*

Albert Camus' New Novel . . . . *Irving Howe*

Labor's "Hired Brains" . . . . . *Will Herberg*

Hollywood's Great Man . . *Arthur Schlesinger, Jr.*

MARCH 11, 1957

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Washington Wire

The Collapse of Cohesion

WE ASSUME that the Senate will pass the so-called "Eisenhower Doctrine" shortly by well over two to one and that newspapers will hail it as a major Eisenhower victory. Don't be fooled. The long Senate delay and the size of the opposition show a shocking diminution of Presidential prestige in the four months since the big November victory. Up on the Hill these days you can almost see the prestige ebbing away. The each-man-for-himself attitude is spreading in a restive Congress.

In many ways this is too bad. Eisenhower is attacked by Old Guard Republicans for the wrong thing: he's "too conservative." Democrats are sick of Dulles and seem likely to take this out on the big issue when it comes: foreign aid. It's no comfort to recall that the whole Suez crisis might have been avoided if the Administration had been willing to take steps earlier which it is forced to take now. In the same way, on the domestic front, the Administration's impotency toward inflation doesn't inspire business confidence. Four years of party cohesion were built on the knowledge Eisenhower would run again; now that is over. Difficulties are mounting for a weak Administration.

As we say, we regret this. We have always believed Eisenhower's instincts good. As Constitutional Monarch he is first rate; it is as Executive that he falters. We fear the tendency to let Sherman Adams and others run things. The President had only one press conference last month; only four since the election. The mild annoyance of a persistent cough bothers him. It is now known that from his Georgia vacation spot he proposed that Congressional leaders meet in Washington, with Dulles as his representative, to discuss the Middle East crisis. "We want you," said the leaders. "Then fly down here to Georgia, all 24 of you," the President said in effect. "Ha!" said the leaders. So poor Eisenhower gloomily shortened his golf-quail holiday and returned. There's a hint now he'll try Arizona for his cough, and then move on to Bermuda for the Macmillan visit.

Nixon on Safari

MEANWHILE, Nixon keeps himself right out in the public eye, every day, by his African safari. We chuckled as we heard how Nixon delighted Africans twice by getting out of his car and going over to greet them. It took us right back to the campaign. In the Nixon itineraries (which were the awe of reporters) were intervals for "built-in spontaneity." Dick was always hopping out spontaneously and astonishing some bemused plebeian. What's good for Lima, Ohio, we guess, is good in Ghana.

Oil Power

THE WORD that frightens the big oil companies in the Middle East is "nationalization." Are we to go to war if those countries nationalize? We decided against it years ago in Mexico. Iran nationalized but wasn't strong enough to market its oil. But these lands are bound to gain strength. What isn't understood is the fantastic cheapness of their oil; it can probably be produced for as little as 20 cents a barrel against a world price of around $3 per barrel.

So many things come back to oil! Major oil companies dominate our Mideast foreign policies. Is there any doubt of their power? Look at the domestic story—Texas politics dominated by those who get 27.5 percent depletion allowance . . . the Tidelands grab . . . the almost successful natural gas grab . . . the Administration's clam-like silence in the face of the recent inflationary gasoline and fuel-oil price boost (estimated to cost consumers $1 billion annually) . . . the abandonment of promising federal synthetic fuel plants.

Sen. Estes Kefauver (D, Tenn.) offers Federal Trade Commission statistics showing that the four largest US oil companies had a 13.2 percent profit rate (after taxes) in 1954 and 14.1 percent in 1955—enough to pay off their entire investment every seven years! Interlacing oil directorates of seven or eight enormous companies now almost make a world super-government.

Kefauver tells the Senate that his Anti-Monopoly Subcommittee unearthed the record of a closed-door Dulles meeting with oil representatives last August 13. The subject? Possible Mideast oil nationalization. Dulles told them that although in theory nationalization is legal, it can't be done where the property is impressed with international interest. (It is hard to think of anything more impressed with international interest than oil!). Nationalization of this kind of asset, Dulles is quoted as saying, should call for international intervention. Well, run for the cellar if this country ever starts intervening to stop oil nationalization in the Mideast. You can guess what Russia would do then.

Benson Breaks the Record

IN THE ELECTION Eisenhower and Nixon repeatedly said that farm prices had finally turned upward. Well, latest monthly figures show a 4-point drop in farm prices and 2 point rise in the cost of what farmers must buy. They are caught both ways. As to the long-range situation, here is the record: Secretary Ezra Benson criticized "swollen bureaucracy" the day he took office, and yet the Democrats lost only $1.1 billion in supporting farm prices over 20 years; Benson has lost $2.9 billion in four years. He opposed controls but maintained as tight controls as ever; he sought to discourage production by instituting the "flexible" program, but the 1956 output sets an all time record. And he has constantly attacked the $2.5 billion in farm surpluses "piled up" by the Democrats — today farm surpluses amount to more than $8 billion under Benson!

Notes

ORGANIZED LABOR is in serious trouble over the Senate rackets inquiry; the Teamsters have misbehaved for years, and now the trade union movement is going to suffer. Indiana last week was the first big industrial state to outlaw the union shop with a "right-to-work" law. The other 17 states with such laws are all agricultural. Make no doubt about it —the "right-to-work" attack on labor is just starting.

T.R.B.

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The New Republic

A JOURNAL OF OPINION

MARCH 11, 1957

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VOL. 136, NO. 10, ISSUE 2206

Correspondence

► *Censor in the Arsenal*

SIRS:

ALTHOUGH the Supreme Court on February 25th killed the 118-year-old Michigan obscenity statute, Detroit's License and Censor Bureau has not gone out of business. The ruling in the Butler case over *The Devil Rides Outside* brought from the Assistant Corporation Counsel of Detroit the remark: "There will be no change in the functions of the police censor bureau." And in the state capitol at Lansing, the Senate has been told that Senator Harold M. Ryan (D, Detroit) would "start pushing the bill," now in committee, to prohibit the sale of obscene comic books to anyone under 18. Both *The Free Press* and *The Detroit News* have pointed out the difficulty of defining obscenity, the latter suggesting that because "the obscene is in fact whatever the courts of the day say is

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Waiting for the Worst

HUNGARY WAS bad enough. What happens if Mr. Haffner's prophecy in this issue (see p. 12) comes true? What would our government do if the East Germans revolt and Soviet troops intervene to "restore order"? There would be UN debates and indignant thunderings of evangelical politicians. But what action would we take? Would our reply be to push the button of massive retaliation? Of course not, for the Russians have buttons too. Short of going to the military aid of the East Germans *after* an internal explosion has occurred, is there no course of action open to us? There is: a staged withdrawal, *before* any more blowups, of both Russian and American military forces from the center of Europe. But that objective reposes in the dead-letter drawer of Mr. Dulles. The governing attitude of officials in Washington is that any public hint of our willingness to discuss troop withdrawals would frighten our allies and feed Soviet propaganda.

On June 6 of last year, Soviet Premier Bulganin suggested that steps be taken by the US, France and Britain "to reduce their armed forces in Germany" in order to "prepare the ground for more decisive steps" and "later lead to an agreement on a sharp reduction . . . or withdrawal of foreign [including Russian] armed forces from German territory." That suggestion was dismissed as propaganda. Since then, the Hungarian revolt has come and gone and we have seen a hardening of the Russian line. But should we even now assume, without putting that assumption to the test, that conversations with the Russians on this subject would be profitless?

Where does that despairing assumption leave us? At the mercy of a fearful competition to produce ever more devastating weapons. Ironically, in the light of the harsh things the Republicans said in 1952, it leaves us pinned down by Mr. Acheson's doctrine of containment, a doctrine which sentences the satellites to life imprisonment inside the Soviet circle. And its validity as a military guarantee to Western Europe diminishes as East and West progress in perfecting long-distance, high-flying planes, rockets and missiles.

How determined is the Soviet Union to hold what it has in Eastern Europe? No one can be sure. There is at least a plausible argument that the Russians are far from comfortable in their role as imperial masters of Eastern Europe. As were many colonizers of the past, they are faced with the difficulty of beating a retreat without its seeming to be a rout. How interested the Russians are at this moment in military disengagement, the price they would demand for military evacuation are questions to be explored. One doesn't know the outcome of negotiations before they begin. And the final answer to the question

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of Russian terms surely is not found in what Mr. Khrushchev may tell Joseph Alsop.

But while we cling to the concept of a two-camp Europe, pressures inside Europe itself may soon take command of the situation, regardless of our fears or wishes. We are approaching with frightening speed the time when long-range nuclear missiles—set off from land, from submerged submarines, from space platforms—will make nonsense of any effective NATO "shield" in Europe. There is a growing desire on the continent for some arrangement, reached with or without American approval, which diminishes the likelihood of Europe's becoming an atomic battlefield, and which, at the same time, offers greater hope to satellites who wish to be free, and to Germans who wish to be re-united. The Social Democrats of West Germany are pledged to reduce the German troop commitment to NATO; they also suggest they would welcome talks with the Russians about troop withdrawals. Similar views, though less explicit, are heard elsewhere in Western Europe and Britain.

GERMANY is clearly the place to begin any discussion of progressive US-USSR military disengagement. The continued division of Germany is a constant menace not only to world peace, but to trends in Eastern Europe toward internal democratization and independence from Soviet control. If agreement could be reached providing for a neutralized, demilitarized Germany on the Austrian pattern (and the whole point is that we have not put this possibility to a real test), broader agreements for US-USSR military withdrawals might follow.

No such diplomatic initiative on our part implies an intention to abandon Europe to the Russians. Quite the contrary. We are pledged and should remain pledged to come to the immediate defense of Europe in the event of Russian aggression. Nor would a US-USSR pull-back in Europe mean our relinquishing the one major deterrent to aggression we possess—an effective Strategic Air Command.

At his press conference of December 19, 1956, Mr. Dulles was quizzed as to the possibility of an "all-Europe security treaty." He replied that

> if there were a genuine independence of the satellite countries, that would certainly facilitate the kind of review that had been suggested. I also would say [he added] that we are not prepared to review the military situation on the continent of Europe on any basis which presupposes a line drawn through Germany which implies the continued partition of Germany.

The man has a genius for confusing the issue. It is *because* there is no "genuine independence of the satellite countries" (and little prospect of that if things go on as they are) that the whole idea of troop withdrawal has validity. And it is *because* the partition of Germany persists that some new formula must be sought which would permit reunification at a price less than war.

The 123 Days

HISTORIANS reviewing the 123 days from the Israeli attack on October 29, 1956, to Israel's announcement March 1 that she would withdraw all troops will probably assign the greatest credit for the successful negotiations to two men in the background: Dag Hammarskjold and Canadian Foreign Minister Lester Pearson.

Within 48 hours of the Israeli attack, it was Secretary-General Hammarskjold who decided that fighting could never be ended by a peace agreement, but only by a reaffirmation of the 1949 Armistice, rigidly enforced. It was Hammarskjold who integrated into the UN Emergency Force the old Observer Corps of the 1949 Armistice, thus making possible a military unit wearing two hats—one for the emergency, the other for policing after the fighting.

The UN Secretary organized his negotiating schedule in four stages. Stage 1 was to persuade President Nasser of Egypt to abide by the 1949 Armistice if the United Nations could induce the invaders to withdraw. Hammarskjold obtained that pledge from Nasser by November 6, 1956, when the UN Emergency Force was created. The Egyptian Chief of State also agreed in those earliest days of the crisis that British and French ships could pass through the Suez Canal, after the invasion ended, that Israeli ships would have the right of innocent passage through Aqaba, that the UN could take over the major administrative role in the Gaza Strip. These commitments were not revealed until months later.

Stage 2 in the Hammarskjold plan was to induce Israel to withdraw from Egypt, in return for a UN commitment that the 1949 Armistice would be complied with. The Israelis demurred, demanding greater evidence that European and North American nations, including the US, were honestly resolved to enforce the armistice.

Upsetting as this Israeli maneuver appeared, it fitted into Mr. Hammarskjold's Stage 3, which was to obtain firm pledges from a group of UN members, assuring their readiness to apply national pressure against either

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Arabs or Jews, whichever violated the armistice. In other words, sanctions of one sort or another would be possible against either, without the need for a UN vote.

Many governments offered these assurances privately, both to Mr. Hammarskjold and to the Israeli spokesmen in New York. But the US very nearly overturned the plan. Mr. Dulles on February 11 had given Israel what he regarded as adequate assurances. The Israeli response was skeptical, reflecting in part a distrust of Mr. Dulles himself. Mr. Dulles, angered, threatened to support immediate sanctions. Only domestic political opposition and the appeals of our European allies saved us from a decision which would have made a settlement all but impossible. In the end it was French Premier Mollet's appeal to Ben-Gurion that convinced Israel to go along.

Stage 4 of the Hammarskjold plan is now here. This calls for a UN resolution, reaffirming the Armistice of 1949, instructing the UN Emergency Force to replace the old Observer Force "along the armistice line," and authorizing the UN to take over most administrative duties in the Gaza Strip. To satisfy Egypt, the resolution would include a condemnation of Israel for her aggression; to satisfy Israel, it would specify the right of Israeli ships to innocent passage through the Gulf of Aqaba.

This resolution, assuming it commands a two-thirds vote in the Assembly, would restore order—not write a peace. Egypt will continue to demand reparations for damage sustained in the recent fighting, and the issue will be carried to the World Court. Israel will continue to demand passage of her ships through the Suez Canal, and will submit that issue to the Court. Mr. Hammarskjold will resume his diplomatic pursuit of an "interim arrangement" (usually permanent) for operating the Canal—one which will include the lifting of Western economic sanctions against Egypt. Finally there remain the Arab refugees, and the long-run economic development of the Middle East. Neither can be resolved without Arab-Israeli co-operation. And that co-operation will not be possible until the new armistice arrangement has permitted a prolonged period of tranquillity.

One must now fervently hope that Secretary Dulles will not—as in the past—go before the television cameras claiming for himself and the Administration a great diplomatic victory. In the weeks ahead, harmony will be best achieved if Mr. Dulles plays a pianissimo accompaniment to Mr. Hammarskjold.

Judgment Day for Franco?

WHILE Franco was reorganizing his government—for the first time since 1951—students at Barcelona University, sent home during January because of their subversive activities, were holding yet another demonstration against the regime. Placards demanding justice and liberty were unfurled in the hall; an eight-point program was accepted; the police were forced to intervene and are reported to have arrested 150 students.

Even the Spanish Communist Party, hitherto so ineffective, is stirring in its sleep. Its general secretary, Senora Dolores Ibarruri, known in the Civil War as La Passionaria, has just written an article which reveals that the Party has adopted a new and subtler policy. At a recent meeting Spanish Communists apparently decided to support "the unity of all the anti-Franco forces," and is even prepared for restoration of the Monarchy.

FOR A TIME Franco's greatest asset was the nightmare of the Civil War. Anything—even a moribund dictatorship—was preferable to a recurrence of that savage blood bath. Even the Basques and the Catalans, who have never given up their dream of independence, were not prepared to revolt. But the regime, superficially so secure, was in fact raised on sand. We talk glibly of Spain as a Fascist country and Franco as a dictator—too glibly because these terms unconsciously lead us to equate Franco with Hitler and Stalin, and nothing could be more misleading. With all their faults, both the Russian and German systems gave the average man the feeling that if he would give himself utterly to his rulers, they, on their part, would fulfill both his spiritual and materialistic hopes. Whereas they were dynamic, the Spanish dictatorship has been static. The Falange, which at least seems to be concerned with the social problem—and to stay in a Spanish village is to see what the world was like in the 16th Century—has never had any real power. Franco has never understood the feelings and frustrations that brought it into being, and for one obvious reason. His object has been to keep Spain as it was, with all her inequalities of wealth, her picturesque customs, her inefficiencies and squalor.

Because of this the regime has had little to offer either the poet or the materialist. The poet can find no inspiration in this out-of-date system which blindly rejects all new thought in case it should conceal a wicked worm of doubt about the divine origin of the government. The materialist, if he is without influence, sees that he can only make his way if he joins the Falange or gets involved in one of the numerous forms of corruption. As for the workers, during the past seven years it is estimated that wages have gone up by 20 percent and the cost of living by 110 percent. And while crocodile shoes are being ostentatiously displayed in Spain's shops for $56 a pair, electricity often goes off and food prices go up.

To be fair, the Franco Government has introduced some social reforms that are to its credit. Last year, for instance, Franco's housing program kept pace with the increase of population: there are family allowances and benefits. Also, to be fair, we cannot classify the Spanish Secret Police as another Gestapo. The Basques never stop making jokes about Franco and his government, and there is no pub from Bilbao to San Sebastian which does not ring with criticism of the regime. From time to time

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Senator Joseph McCarthy said he had little hope of blocking Senate confirmation [of William Brennan, Jr. to the Supreme Court]. "I fear left-wing Democrats and 'modern Republicans' will roll over and play dead."

—February 26, 1957

What Is "Modern," Anyhow?

various prelates—the Bishop of Malaga, for instance—have covertly attacked the dictatorship, and the various literary magazines that keep appearing, usually from the universities, often contain sly criticism of the system. Censorship, like everything else, is wildly inefficient.

But these fitful gleams of liberalism cannot make up for the failure of the government to provide spiritual or intellectual nourishment. For the young, the Civil War is already a distant peak in history. As in Hungary and Poland—indeed, as in nearly every part of the world—it is the students who are remembering man's ancient longings for freedom and who are mainly responsible for leading the opposition to the regime.

And if Franco falls, what follows? A military dictatorship would seem to be the most likely sequel. Even if, in some way, a limited form of democracy were introduced, an alliance of conservatives would almost certainly be in the majority for a time. How long it would last is another matter. The atrocities of the Communists during the Civil War are now a stale old story to the young, and the students of Spain have reached such a state of distrust that every enemy of Franco is likely to glow with virtue and promise. Which is precisely why the Spanish Communist Party has once more raised its hammer and sickle and issued its latest manifesto.

Labor's Role Abroad

PIECE BY PIECE, labor's dirty linen is being sorted out by Congress and washed in public. By the end of this year, there will be little that remains hidden about labor racketeering and jurisdictional fights. But there is another conflict inside the AFL-CIO which has not come out into the open, although it dwarfs in importance such questions as whether or not a Teamster local in Portland, Oregon, did or did not bribe a district attorney. We refer to the behind-the-scenes struggle inside the AFL-CIO over US labor's activities abroad. The struggle centers on the personality of one man—Jay Lovestone, formerly secretary of the US Communist Party.

For nearly 10 years Lovestone, sitting in a Broadway office and operating through his "Free Trade Union Committee," has plotted the downfall of real or suspected Communists from Karachi to Canberra. He has employed a handful of American travelling emissaries and parceled out subsidies to the chosen faithful in foreign unions. Prior to the AFL-CIO merger, his committee carried the official stamp of the AFL, though in fact the Committee was Jay Lovestone; for all practical purposes he has been accountable publicly to no one for the conduct of his personal foreign diplomacy. Since the merger, Lovestone's status has been undefined, though his activities have continued.

In Lovestone's world there are few ambiguities: there are anti-Communists (good) and all others (bad). If laborite "X" in, say, France, opposes Communists, we must then support "X." This has the virtue of simplicity, except that "X" may be a racketeer or a coffee-house militant; "X" may have little indigenous backing; he may be anathema to laborites "Y" and "Z," who although they, too, are anti-Communist, do not endorse all aspects of US foreign policy, and who are too proud (or too practical) to allow the Star Spangled Banner to fly even figuratively outside their offices. Only recently Lovestone's field representative in North Africa, Irving Brown, upset the delicate balance inside the Tunisian labor federation by siding with one faction deemed more manageable from an American standpoint. Over the explicit protests of the International Confederation of Free Trade Unions, Brown thus weakened one of the few organized groups in the Middle East providing a democratic alternative to Nasser's ambitions.

It is his disrespect for ICFTU which may tumble Lovestone from his conspiratorial seat. The ICFTU was founded in 1949 for the purpose of countering the Communist-dominated World Federation of Trade Unions. Both AFL and CIO joined, but while the CIO supported ICFTU, the AFL support went to Lovestone, and Lovestone has often worked at cross-purposes with the international organization. A clash was inevitable, and it came last year when AFL-CIO President George Meany (in a speech drafted by Lovestone) attacked the

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democratic credentials of Prime Minister Nehru, provoking vice president Walter Reuther to speak up in the Indian leader's defense.

For a brief moment last summer a compromise appeared to have been reached giving Lovestone a year to wind up his committee and providing thereafter for full US labor support to ICFTU. Lovestone himself took this compromise as a signal to dig in, and at the recent AFL-CIO Council meeting in Miami the exchange of insults was as lively as ever. On the record, Lovestone says he objects to the ICFTU because it is sluggish and inefficient. But in fact the issue is ICFTU's representative character, which means that it will not always agree with US labor on how, in every country and every crisis, freedom can best be served.

Pok! Ack! Pitoooooon!

WE HAVE BEEN taken to task for our recent cavalier treatment of Little Orphan Annie by a correspondent who points out that Annie's economic theories are no more absurd than those found on the editorial pages of many of the newspapers in which she appears. "You must also remember," he continues, "that the artist who has to work under the pressure of a daily deadline hasn't time to polish his thought."

We acknowledge the justice of these criticisms. And, on looking into the comic *books*, as distinct from the strips, we do find a considerable increase in artistic and intellectual merit. The comic books selected for this investigation all contained stories of war, and the first thing to strike us was the skillful use of onomatopoetic language to represent the sounds of battle, *videlicit*: Wham! Rat-tat-a-tat! Ack! Ack! Pok! Whack! Blonk! Blap! Baraboom! VarOOOOM! Banzai! (Japanese soldier) EEyow! Oww-Arrrrrrgg! Banzai! (Chinese Communist!) Buda-buda-buda-buda! Pitoooooon! Crumph! Ka-pow! and, of course, Bang

These stories, moreover, are educational. We never before realized, for instance, that all Koreans who live south of the 38th Parallel have pleasant features, while those who live north of this line have buck-teeth and bandy-legs. We also learned, through helpful footnotes, that when a Chinese soldier screams "Sha! Sha!" he means "Kill! Kill!" But we have a correction to suggest to the editors of *Combat* before it goes into a second edition. Although "Huo!" does indeed mean "Fire" it means the sort of fire that burns down houses, and hence is not a command to discharge cannon.

But for sheer intellectual brilliance, give us *Combat Casey*, in which Private Penny P. Pennington (known to his comrades as "the GI genius") explains that "an atomic explosion can't even destroy a division and all its equipment," let alone the world. As for the effects of radiation, which so worry scientists like Dr. Ralph Lapp, these are easily the "least dangerous" results of an atomic explosion. We can't help being impressed by Private Pennington's grasp of military lore, since we have witnessed, with our own eyes, how he once destroyed a whole fleet of enemy tanks with *rocks* for weapons. Prunes to Dr. Lapp and his alarm; has *he* ever stoned a tank to death?

Two Who Know Better

OMER CARMICHAEL, the Superintendent of Schools recently congratulated by the President for his success in integrating Louisville schools, has told the Education Writers Association that the NAACP is mainly responsible for Southern "chaos." And on the same day, Roy Wilkins, executive secretary of the NAACP, told a Senate subcommittee in Washington that Southern Negroes may be reaching the end of their tether and so may be driven to violence matching the violence they have borne so patiently. Neither statement did the cause of orderly progress any good.

The NAACP may have been pushing "too fast," as the Kentucky educator contends, but it was not its aggressiveness which led to the rise of the White Citizens Council or the revival of the KKK. The situation in Montgomery, Alabama, is a case in point. Four dynamiters have just been indicted for attacks on the homes and churches of Negro leaders active on behalf of non-segregated seating on buses. That movement started as a local affair and remained so. The NAACP was on the outside looking in. The campaign led to a Supreme Court decision abolishing racial segregation of bus riders. And during the long boycott beforehand Negroes displayed extraordinary restraint.

It was not the NAACP that provoked outrages which made Montgomery a synonym for anarchy. This shocking condition was brought about by a primitive element in the community seizing its opportunity to "raise hell." Once the authorities acted vigorously, the reign of terror ended.

Mr. Carmichael knows better than most people that the heart of the matter is the climate of opinion which has developed in the Deep South since the Supreme Court school decision. But for his cultivation of public sentiment, he would not have succeeded in Louisville.

But if Mr. Carmichael was wrong, so was Mr. Wilkins. He was testifying in behalf of civil-rights legislation, which seems this time to have a good chance of Congressional approval. He followed a long column ot Southern objectors who repeated the familiar outcries against federal action to protect rights guaranteed by the federal constitution. Mr. Wilkins must have felt that he too was entitled to the privilege of tearing a passion to tatters. But the main effect of his threat is to strengthen the position of white trouble-makers.

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Propaganda See-Saw in Jordan

"TAKE THE NECESSARY steps" to rid Jordan of Communist influence—that was 21-year-old King Hussein's instruction to his Premier the first week in February. A crackdown in Jordan started the following week. The daily news bulletin of Tass, the Soviet news agency, was barred from distribution. (It had been printed in Damascus and brought to Amman for distribution to local newspapers.) Officials said an understanding had been reached with Amman and Jerusalem motion picture houses to stop showing Russian newsreels and feature-length pictures. Police swooped down on left-wing bookshops and picked up Russian books, magazines and newspapers. Finally, acting under direct orders of the King, police seized all copies of the third issue of *Al Jamahir* (the Masses), a new Communist party-line newspaper. (One of its feature stories said Chinese Moslems enjoyed complete freedom of worship, showing pictures of Chinese sheikhs to prove it.)

Inquiry has shown, however, that the King's own government is undercutting his anti-Communist directive and that the crackdown is less effective than it at first sounded.

Tass correspondents are given elaborate special briefings at the Ministry of Foreign Affairs. Abdulla Rimawi, leftist minister of state for foreign affairs, acknowledged that he had permitted Tass representatives to record a statement by him and later to interview him at length. The recorded statement was in Arabic at the suggestion of the Tass men. They told Rimawi his words thus could be translated directly into Russian, but it seems more likely that Radio Moscow will use the Arabic version in broadcasts beamed to the Arab countries.

I could not find the suppressed newspaper in Amman, but news vendors said publication and circulation would be resumed secretly in a few days. A left-wing bookshop, which happens to be across the street from the United States Information Service's American Library, had copies of the tabloid *Moscow News* for February 2—under a sheet of wrapping paper on the counter. The proprietor also produced (from under the counter) the January 10 issue of the weekly *New Times,* published in Moscow. He said police had seized 2,000 copies of various books and pamphlets in a raid on his store, but, he added, this was the King's doing and he had been assured by government officials that he would get the publications back as soon as the heat was off.

Still openly for sale on the shelves were a number of other Soviet bloc books and pamphlets printed in Arabic, English and French. One of these, in Arabic, showed an evilly grinning President Eisenhower on the cover, talking to Egypt's Nasser. A snake with a hook-nosed caricature of a Jew for its head stuck out of Mr. Eisenhower's briefcase. The inscription said: "He says he is our friend, but we are suspicious."

Publications from Red China included cheap pamphlets of the writings of Mao Tse-tung; a novel, *Steeled in Battles,* and the proceedings of the "First National People's Congress of the People's Republic of China." There also were a copy of Howard Fast's *The Last Frontier,* printed in Moscow in English, and an East German magazine, *D.D.R. (Deutsche Demokratische Republic) Revue.*

Many observers here believe that a test of strength is yet to come between the King and Foreign Minister Rimawi. They insist that the King's action was a courageous start toward co-operation with the West. Others in the government, however, will be satisfied to give only the appearance of opposing Communism—enough to qualify Jordan for greatly increased US economic aid.

Ever since the Eisenhower doctrine was proclaimed, US Ambassador Lester D. Mallory has been receiving long petitions attacking it in stereotyped language. Agitators—whether Communists, Arab nationalists, or pro-Nasser elements—have been circulating the petitions in the Arab refugee camps, getting long lists of signatures or thumb-prints, depending on the degree of literacy. Some of those reaching Mallory have been 14 feet long when unrolled.

"There is no vacuum in the Middle East, and if there is any vacuum then its people will fill it themselves," said one of the statements. "We freed ourselves from British imperialism, and we don't want American imperialism, which is worse," said another.

FORTUNATELY, each name is followed by an address. Someone at USIS got the idea of using the petitions as made-to-order mailing lists. Each signer thus gets a polite note thanking him for his interest in the Eisenhower plan and suggesting that he no doubt wants to get all the information he can about it in order to form an intelligent opinion of it. Enclosed is a copy of President Eisenhower's speech in Arabic, together with a series of questions and answers.

A number of persons have written the Embassy saying they now see some merit in the plan and thanking the United States for explaining it more fully. Others flip over the American pamphlet and scrawl on the back a new attack on Mr. Eisenhower and his doctrine.

In such cases, the writer hears next, not from the United States Government, but from an anonymous source. In a plain envelope, he gets a red covered pamphlet containing a bloody, brutal account of the Hungarian revolt and its suppression by the Red Army.

Amman RICHARD DUDMAN

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Englishman Bites Tax

by HELEN HILL MILLER

THE appearance of London's West End last summer, as the social season reached its height, was Edwardian rather than Fabian. Well-dressed throngs came and went. The Queen held investitures for the knights named in her Birthday Honours list; at the Marlborough House garden party opening the exhibition "From Horse to Helicopter," the Queen Mother was photographed atop the steps of a gaily painted caravan; center court seats at Wimbledon were as scarce as tickets in New York to *My Fair Lady*.

Dove-colored toppers and morning clothes, floral prints and summer furs, turned Mayfair into a Cecil Beaton decor. The fronts of the famous clubs in St. James's and Pall Mall were bright with freshly-filled window boxes. In the land of Fair Shares, a doubtless limited but certainly conspicuous number of people seemed to have the good things of life in profusion. Some of their finery may have been rented rather than owned. But how did they manage it?

Ingenuity in approaching the tax system is one of the enduring strengths of a capitalist society. Those members of Britain's upper middle class who are attached to money-making institutions have not failed to exercise it.

The bite of the tax collector is applied to net, not gross, income. To get a net figure, one subtracts business expenses and fixed liabilities from gross income.

Once the problem is stated in these simple terms, the American who has understood the niceties of cost-plus contracts, fast-tax-write-offs, or just everyday drawing accounts will see the solution. Into the space between gross and net income, many delightful items can be tucked. Expense-accountancy, at its most discerning, can be illustrated by the all-inclusive, hypothetical instance of Sir John Jones-Smith, vice president in charge of finance, of Widgets, Ltd.

Sir John has a pleasant country place in Sussex. He bought it as one of a series of transactions made attractive because the tax rate on capital gains is lower than on earned income. (In postwar years, real estate and securities have both been productive sources of spending money from unearned increment.) But, of course, Sir John has to have a flat in London to use during the week. His flat is paid for by Widgets, on the basis that one of the bedrooms be available for occasional use by a company director spending a night in town. Naturally, the flat has a good address; company prestige is involved. Since it is a service flat, a butler is in attendance at meals, and a maid comes in to straighten up.

The family limousine and a uniformed chauffeur are supplied by the company, too; it saves finding taxis and a fair amount of dining out is part of Sir John's representational duties. (Last year, all but a handful of cars sold in Britain by the Rolls-Royce Company went to corporate purchasers.)

In addition to these specific amenities, Widgets gives its really top men unlimited personal drawing accounts, to cover travel, drinks, food for friends who may do business with the company, or at least bear it goodwill. The 500 cards and gifts which go out over Sir John's name at Christmas time bring goodwill, too.

Visitors, both at the flat and at the place in the country, are impressed by Sir John's interest in art. In the town library, the dark panelling sets off a Flemish triptych. In the country, a Canaletto over the living room mantel piece completes the Adams interior, while in the bedrooms, modern French abstracts against beige

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walls offer a balance to the formalism downstairs. Sir John thinks well of the pictures himself. Though one or two of the French moderns can still be regarded as somewhat speculative, he bought them on good advice. In an age of inflation, a prudent man will own a certain amount of this sort of negotiable capital.

Sir John has two sons and a daughter, all married. The boys are doing well, but have not yet reached anything like father's level of remuneration. Gifts to the children, made out of taxable income, would be expensive. But if father enters into formal covenants, in which he undertakes to give them so many pounds a year for seven years, the gift becomes a fixed obligation, deductible before his earnings become income.

Covenants are particularly widely used for financing education. Sir John has two god-children of school age. He has made a covenant for the benefit of each whereby he agrees to supply £200 a year for school costs (about half the price of a good public school). The youngsters receiving these sums are entitled also to recover from the Inland Revenue an amount equal to the basic rate of income tax on the money—eight shillings in the pound. That raises their take to £280. Covenants of this sort are not permitted within the immediate family; even for nephews or nieces the giver must sign a form stating that he will not be repaid in cash, kind or services. But among friends, they are widely used.

One of the shocks that comes to a business executive, particularly one who has been accustomed to expense many of his domestic costs, is the sharp income-drop that follows retirement. Against this, too, Sir John has a partial cushion. A system of insurance, appropriately called "Top-Hat," provides upper executives with post-retirement tax-free income based in part on deferred earnings and in part on company participation. Widgets, Ltd., has taken out such a policy for Sir John.

THE pity of it is that tax-free amenities such as these are not available to larger groups in the upper middle class. For the landowner who lives in one wing of his historic mansion while admitting the public to view the other wings at two shillings a head afternoons from March to November, expense accountancy provides little relief beyond getting the gardener paid—on condition that some of the fruits and vegetables from the place are sold in the public market. The unavailability of expense accountacy to those whose income source is tied either to the public appropriations or the yields of fixed endowment—civil servants, armed forces personnel, teachers, clergy—have led others besides Mr. Gorer to wonder whether the Poujadism of France may appear in an appropriate English translation.

Two dangers threaten even those who now practice it. Labour Party policy-makers have noticed the methods by which management has obtained tax relief: "Towards Equality," a statement prepared for presentation to the annual conference of the Labour Party, canvassed a series of tax revisions that would close many current loopholes. And while most expense accounting is carried on with gentility, in flagrant form the practices can cause dissension among company directors.

London tabloid readers have recently relished the details of one such board-room hassle. Sir Bernard Docker, chairman of Birmingham Small Arms, Ltd., has been ousted by his fellow directors after prolonged company-financed extravagance by himself and his lady, culminating in £2000 of costs sustained for their attendance at the wedding of Prince Rainier and Grace Kelly. For that occasion, two of the five custom-built Daimlers ordered by Sir Bernard over the last few years at a cost to the company of £50,000 (their names were Star Dust, Golden Zebra, Silver Flash, Blue Clover and the Gold Car) were flown to Monaco. Lady Docker's 1955 bill for furs and gowns (she said she wore them "for the workers") came to £7,910. Sir Bernard's salary and expenses totalled £44,214. The board, concluding it was time for the party to be over, terminated Sir Bernard's connection with the observation: "Much of the publicity promoted by Sir Bernard Docker contained a predominantly personal element. . . ."

While this was going on, the satirical revue "For Amusement Only" took advantage of the wide immunity from British libel and slander law that exists behind the footlights. In one of its numbers, there steps before the curtain a tall platinum blonde in a tall platinum

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mink and more gold bangles than even Anita Loos would find necessary. Held by a leather strap around her neck is one of the trays from which down-and-outs peddle matches, shoe strings, pencils and hard luck stories in the neighborhood of Piccadilly Circus. Even before she sang, an explanatory placard identified her: HUSBAND AND FIVE DAIMLERS TO SUPPORT.

For the moment, however, British expense accountancy remains practicable.

For those who enjoy it, it is Christmas every day, and

On the final day of Ascot
My true love sent to me
Seven Rolls a-rolling
Six minks a-minxing
Five tops hats
Four Scottish salmon
Three Jacqmar scarves
Two on the aisle
And a partridge in a pear tree.

Footnote On Antiquity

WHEN THE British *colons* who resided in North America decided in 1776 to shift for themselves, they thought that what oppressed them most about their colonial status was taxation without representation; they lived to learn that taxation *with* representation is not much sweeter. And yet, how sweet when compared with antiquity.

There was, to illustrate, Hyppia of Athens, who offered for sale all parts of houses projecting into public streets—such as steps, fences, balconies, upper rooms and doors opening outwards. Frightened home owners at once contributed a sizeable sum to the State by buying back the offending parts of their property. The relatively conservative Byzantines, when money was needed, sold the trading rights of fish mongers, salt sellers, jugglers, soothsayers and druggists in return for one-third of the profits of these entrepreneurs. Also, for a stiff fee, they permitted children of marriages between citizens and aliens to acquire the political rights usually reserved for 100 percent Byzantines. And as a last resort, the State sold not its timberlands but the sacred enclosures.

To underwrite the sending of 40 ships against the tyrants of the Bosphorus, the city of Heraclea devised a Townsend-type method of taxation. Against the promise of future payments, the city bought up all the necessary corn, oil, wine and other provisions, putting everything on merchant ships which were to accompany the war vessels. At the same time, it gave the soldiers two months' advance pay. And "when they reached the enemy's territory, the soldiers bought up all the provisions. . . . Thus money was collected before the generals had to pay the soldiers again, and so the same money was distributed time after time until they returned home." So reports Aristotle.

Mausolus, the tyrant of Caria, collected revenues for the king of Persia in a manner familiar to professional fund-raisers. Assembling the richest men, he ordered some of his subordinates to announce publicly their pretended donations, and through shame and fear the wealthier then contributed much larger sums. Condalus, a governor under Mausolus, developed an equally effective trick, for he, noticing the fondness of his subjects for wearing long hair, pretended that the king of Persia required large quantities of hair for making false fringes. His subjects were therefore ordered to cut off their hair, unless. . . . they would prefer to pay a poll tax: in this case Condalus would send to Greece for hair. "They gladly gave him what he asked."

Another of the more inventive Collectors of Internal Revenue was Dionysius of Syracuse. It was he who told of the goddess Demeter appearing to him in a dream, demanding that all women deposit their ornaments in her temple. After the conditions of the dream had been fulfilled, he appropriated the ornaments, declaring that Demeter had lent them to him. And when the women began wearing ornaments again, he ordered them to deposit a luxury tax for each piece of jewelry in the temple. On another occasion, he demanded a contribution from every citizen for the purpose of annexing a city which was to be betrayed to him. And a few days later, commending the people for their generosity, he returned to each his contribution, since as he said, he had failed in his attempt. Having thus won their confidence, they willingly gave when he next approached them. But this time he kept the money.

Aristotle's (or his students') report on governmental fund-raising in Book II of his *Oeconomica* contains many illustrations of the state's ingenuity in extracting every last cent from sorely tried citizens. But the most fascinating item of all is recorded not by Aristotle but by Herodotus who describes a unique excise tax which was imposed by King Cheops of Egypt in an effort to finish his famous pyramid:

> And so evil a man was Cheops that for lack of money he made his own daughter to sit in a chamber and exact payment (how much, I do not know; for they did not tell me this). She, they say, doing her father's bidding, was minded to leave some memorial of her own, and demanded of everyone who sought her favors that he should give one stone to set in her work; and of these stones was built the pyramid that stands midmost of the three, over against the great pyramid; each side of it measures 150 feet.

LEOPOLD KOHR

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A Time-Bomb Ticks in East Germany

by SEBASTIAN HAFFNER

EARLY LAST month, Herr Bruno Leuschner, head of the State Planning Commission and member of the Politburo of the East German Socialist Unity Party, made a grave statement. Speaking to the Central Committee of the Party at a meeting in East Berlin, he announced the virtual collapse of the economic plan for 1957; and he submitted facts and figures which add up to a desperately serious economic situation.

At the moment, Herr Leuschner said, it was still planned to spend 6.5 billion Deutsche Marks in new investments and to increase popular consumption by 2 billion DM in 1957. However, "it must be said at once that the 6.5 billion DM of investments exceed our capacity in the present situation. They are not fully covered with materials, and they will have to be further reduced." Herr Leuschner did not say how much they would have to be reduced. He did say that the figure of 6.5 billion DM constituted in itself a downward revision of the original plan. "Of course we would have to invest far more if we wanted to meet all demands. I freely admit that these demands include many necessities, which have needs to be held over."

About the 2 billion DM increase in consumption Herr Leuschner had this to say: "We must realize that through recent wage and pension rises the buying power of the population will in 1957 rise by 2.6 billion DM." Hence there was already an inflationary gap of 6 billion DM. Moreover, the increase of consumption would have to consist for the most part of food. This additional food would have to be found "by increased production from our own agriculture, since no further increase in food imports can be reckoned with." As for industrial consumption goods—which, Herr Leuschner admitted were still far too scarce—these were "of particular importance in view of the increased buying power of our population." Unfortunately, there were no raw materials available to produce more of them. "We urgently ask all ministries, districts and factories immediately to re-examine their production programs, position by position, with a view to finding new possibilities for an increase of production in general, and of production of industrial consumer goods in particular, by mobilizing all reserves *on the basis of the present allocation of materials.*"

But even that, Herr Leuschner went on, was too optimistic. The present allocation of materials could not be maintained in most industries.

> The comrades in the Building Ministry must see to it that the building program is carried out as laid down despite a substantial reduction of steel and cement allocations. They must find ways of saving at least 10,000 tons of steel and between 200,000 and 300,000 tons of cement compared with the present allocation. The comrades in the Ministries of Machine-making must immediately examine how to carry out their allotted production tasks despite a necessary reduction of sheet steel imports of 35,000 tons. The comrades in the Ministry of Light Industries must work out a detailed program for fulfilling and over-fulfilling their allotted tasks despite a reduction of the allocated import materials. The same applies to the comrades in the other branches of industry.

In other words, practically the whole East German industry is asked, in 1957, to produce more from less. On any realistic reckoning 1957 will see the economic

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progress of the last few years arrested, perhaps even reversed.

What is the reason? Herr Leuschner was quite frank about it. He admitted planning mistakes, blamed rising world market prices, castigated shortfalls in East German exports, but all this was not the heart of the matter. The heart of the matter was the loss of a great part of the Polish coal.

This is indeed of a seriousness which cannot easily be exaggerated. For on Polish coal rests, directly, the whole new East German steel production, and, indirectly, almost the whole of East Germany's industries. If this coal, or a large part of it, is permanently withdrawn, the axe is laid to the root of the tree in East Germany.

Polish coal exports to East Germany stopped almost immediately and almost entirely in October of last year, after the change of regime in Poland; and immediately four of the six blast furnaces of the steel combine at Stalinstadt on the Oder had to stop working—so much did East Germany live from hand to mouth in its coal economy during the best of times. In December there was a temporary resumption of Polish deliveries, but early this year the Poles notified the East Germans, with regret, that future coal deliveries would have to be at a much lower rate than hitherto. In 1957 Poland will produce less coal than before, use more of what she produces herself, and try to sell more of what she exports for hard currency.

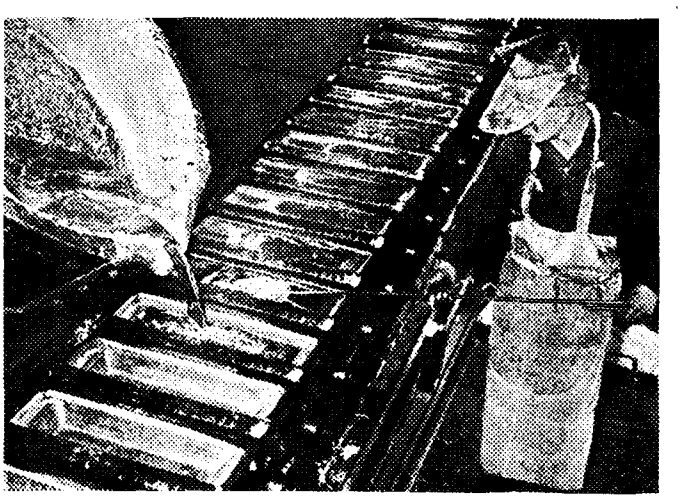
THE Polish coal production figure for 1956 was 95.15 million tons; the planned figure for 1957 is 93 million tons. Even this reduced figure, the Polish Government points out, cannot be guaranteed. It depends on the willingness of the Polish miners to work 12 voluntary Sunday shifts during the year (in 1956 they had worked 24 voluntary Sunday shifts). Exports will be reduced, according to official Polish statements, by 7 million tons; more than one-third of the reduction will have to be borne by East Germany.

East German official figures are not available, but unofficial figures from fairly trustworthy sources put Polish coal imports in 1956 at about 4 million tons, promised deliveries for 1957 at 1.5 million tons. Since East Germany's own hard coal production is about 2.5 million tons, this means that her total coal budget will be reduced from 6.5 million tons in 1956 to about 4 million tons in 1957. There are said to be corresponding reductions in Polish coke imports.

The figures read trifling, but this makes things all the more serious. Even 6.5 million tons of hard coal is really far too little for an industrial economy like that of East Germany—the fifth largest in Europe, larger than that of Belgium or Czechoslovakia, and not very much smaller than that of Italy. It means running industry on a shoestring; and if more than a third of it is suddenly withdrawn, it means that the shoestring will snap. Nor are the leading East German economists unaware of it. Let us once again quote Herr Leuschner:

> The present and the future of our economy hang entirely on the development of our coal production. For months now coal supply has been our most difficult problem, because our hard coal and coke imports from Poland in the last three months of 1956 have fallen very heavily.
>
> The development of our coal industry and our power economy determines the extent of our whole further economic development; for we must face the fact that we must now, by and large, solve the fuel and power problem within our own country.
>
> There is only one way: to increase our own coal production *and to reduce coal consumption.* If we don't solve the coal problem in 1957 and the following years, *no progress is possible in any other sector of our economy.*
>
> Can we solve this great task? We have rich soft coal deposits at home. So we must find a way, however difficult and however hard. We need incisive measures and the concentration of all forces, for the time being, on this one task.

It will be seen at once that Herr Leuschner poses the problem accurately enough, but does not provide a solution. Soft coal is not a solution. It is quite true that East Germany is rich in soft coal. It is also true that she has made a very respectable effort in increasing soft coal production (205 million tons in 1956 as against 130 million tons in 1950) and in developing ingenious ways of making soft coal do much of the normal work of hard coal. (The East German railways, for example, are now running on processed soft coal, as everybody can see who travels on them by night and watches the fireworks thrown up into the air by the engines.) But there is a limit to what can be done with soft coal. It cannot be used for steelmaking, and thus the new East German steel industry, the proudest achievement of East Germany, will inevitably have to curtail its output if Herr Leuschner's grim announcement that hard coal consumption must be reduced is carried out.



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And less steel output means an immediate fall in production in all steel-using industries.

Altogether then it looks as if much more is collapsing in East Germany now than merely the plan figures for one year. The whole economy is in jeopardy, and the progress from stark poverty to modest prosperity, which marked the last three years and which was the basic reason why East Germany remained exempt from last autumn's crisis in Eastern Europe, is certain to be arrested and in danger of being reversed. This can hardly remain without political consequences—especially as the economic reverse hits East Germany at a time when Party and Government are struggling with an intellectual and political revolt within their own ranks. This revolt preceded the economic crisis and is today still largely unconnected with it. The danger point will be reached when the two developments merge.

To get the situation into focus it is necessary to go back to last October. East Germany remained quiet when Poland and Hungary exploded, but it was clear that the government was not certain whether it would remain quiet. Army, police and factory guards were alerted for about a fortnight. There was unrest at the universities; the students, often backed by their professors, were demanding more academic freedom, the right to form their own organizations, abolition of compulsory studies of the Russian language and of dialectical materialism. On November 2, as Herr Ulbricht has since revealed, East Berlin students were assembling for a protest march down Unter den Linden—the same kind of march which had set off the Budapest rising 10 days before—and were only discouraged by a display of armed force.

But if there was an incipient students' revolt in those days, it could not, as in Poland, ally itself with a part of a split Party leadership, nor, as in Hungary, with a general revolutionary mood among the population. The Party leadership at the time was solid; and the masses, though never really won over to the regime or even to the existence of the separate East German State, were in an acquiescent mood, produced by three years' steady economic progress and the prospect of further improvement. The only active sympathy for the restive students existed, paradoxically, here and there in the middle and lower Party ranks, themselves restless since the 20th Party Congress in Moscow. (It seems to be a general, and too little noticed, phenomenon that much of the most active, intelligent and fruitful opposition to Stalinism in Eastern Europe is to be found within the Communist Parties. Poland is the most obvious, but not the only example of this.)

In this situation, the East German leadership, with the unrepentant Stalinist Herr Ulbricht at its head, in early November decided on a double policy; repression for the intellectuals, appeasement for the masses. On the one hand, there came the arrest of the young East Berlin professor, Wolfgang Harich, and his friends (who were to be made an example and who are still awaiting trial), official reprimands for other prominent professors and writers, warnings to students, and a heavy-handed restoration of party discipline. On the other hand, there came wage increases and a very substantial rise in old-age pensions, promise of a 45-hour week soon, recognition of elected "Workers' Committees" in the factories (though with strictly limited powers), promises to abolish food rationing this year. The line, in a word, was: less freedom, but more bread. In this way, the restless Party ranks, and the rebellious intellectuals on the fringes of the Party, were to be intimidated, the masses kept sweet, and both kept apart from each other. For two or three months, this policy seemed to work.

Now the development of the economic crisis is upsetting it. The promise of materially better times for the masses cannot be kept. Nobody any longer talks about abolishing food rationing, and the goods with which to satisfy the newly increased buying power of the population cannot be produced, as Herr Leuschner has explained. The leadership's policy now amounts to: less freedom *and* less bread—a very different proposition.

In these changed circumstances, restiveness is slowly spreading to the masses, who sense that something is going wrong and that things are tending to get worse again instead of better; and the hard-pressed intellectual rebels, feeling the change of tide, take heart and begin to react to repression with more anger than fear; their insistent ideological criticism is merging with the vague but threatening growls and grumbles in the factories and villages.

There is now hardly a day in which some Party district leader is not inveighing against "revisionist" or even "counter-revolutionary" tendencies among his Party subordinates; leading articles in *Neues Deutschland* complain of the "poor ideological level" of Party life in the local organizations and of "lack of resistance to the infiltration of bourgeois ideology." At the same time there are reports in the Party press of factory meetings where resolutions against socialist planning are being passed—"the system has not justified itself by results and should be replaced by other methods," as a factory resolution in Dresden bluntly put it the other day—or peasant meetings demanding a dissolution of collective farms and public tractor stations and the distribution of the tractors among individual peasants. Indeed, so frequent have these damaging reports lately become that one begins to wonder whether the leadership is not perhaps deliberately over-dramatizing the present situation and trying to provoke a showdown while it still feels strong enough to assert itself forcefully. What is one to say when the Minister of State

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Security, Herr Wollweber, declares on the radio, as he did some days ago, that there are "groups of rebels about who might start a *putsch* any day, and others who pursue similar aims by round-about ways"! Police chiefs do not usually blurt out such things in public unless they want to build up a case for cracking down on somebody. Perhaps the next thing to expect in East Germany is not a rising but a wave of preventive repression.

But this could hardly be the end of the story. Repression does not produce coal. In one way or another, the economic crisis in East Germany seems bound, as it works its way through the economy and makes itself felt in the individual household, to translate itself into a political crisis. If and when the restless intellectuals and the rebellious Party ranks find themselves backed up by a population disappointed in its hopes for a materially better life and getting angry and desperate, a classical "revolutionary situation" will exist. It is not there yet, but it can be seen approaching.

The trouble is that a revolution in East Germany would, as things now stand with regard to Germany as a whole, almost inevitably produce a world crisis. Since the failure of the Berlin Conference in 1954, Germany has been left in a position of calculated ambiguity. On the one hand, East and West Germany have been, by Russia and the three Western Powers respectively, accorded most of the attributes of sovereign states; on the other, the German question is still being regarded as open and the four former occupying powers still reserve their ultimate joint responsibility for "Germany as a whole." On the one hand, West Germany has become a member of NATO and East Germany of the Warsaw Pact; on the other, both are still officially regarded as parts of one and the same country, only temporarily and provisionally separated. On the one hand, Russia and the Western Powers are separately allies of the two separate German states; on the other, they are still jointly masters and ultimate disposers of both German states together. From one point of view, therefore, East Germany is now simply a part of the Soviet bloc; from another, however, it is still, together with West Germany, a subject of ultimate Four-Power jurisdiction. From a third—which is the point of view of the West German Government—it is a temporarily separated part of the continuing integral Germany whose only legitimate government sits in Bonn.

IT FOLLOWS that not only Russia, but also the three Western Powers, as well as the West Germans, would be involved in an East German crisis. An East German Kadar could undoubtedly appeal to the Soviets for intervention; but an East German Nagy could do far more than just proclaim neutrality and make an ineffectual appeal to the protection of the United Nations. He could proclaim union with West Germany, which it would be impossible for West Germany to refuse

or ignore, and he could appeal to the three Western Powers on the basis of their proclaimed co-responsibility for "Germany as a whole." Of course the Western Powers could ignore such an appeal, but only at the price of defaulting on their obligations and losing all standing in West Germany. Unlike in Hungary, they have commitments in Germany. So, of course, have the Soviets. All concerned might very quickly find themselves in a situation beyond their control. Moreover, situations of this kind have a way of arising suddenly.

People in the West are at the moment, insofar as they give any attention to Germany at all, concentrating overmuch on Western Germany. The questions generally asked are whether the next West German elections will produce a change of government and, if so, whether a different West German Government may wish to contract out of NATO. These are relatively minor questions. No conceivable West German Government will deal other than amicably with its Western allies, or present them with a sudden crisis. It is the Eastern, not the Western, German situation which holds the danger of a real crisis and which may suddenly expose the hollowness and the danger of the present preliminary German settlement. It is Eastern, not Western, Germany, which may suddenly explode—and, whether we foresee it or not, explode in our faces.

Nobody can say whether or when the East German crisis will come to a head; still less can anybody in the West effectively influence the internal developments of East Germany. What can and ought to be done is to change their international setting while there is time. With the events in Poland and Hungary before our eyes, and with a similar constellation visibly taking shape in East Germany, a country for which we bear an ill-defined co-responsibility, it seems most unsafe to leave the German question much longer in its present unsettled, ambiguous, and simmering state.

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BOOKS & COMMENT

The Weight of Days

by Irving Howe

NIETZSCHE said that in the 19th Century God had died; Albert Camus, if I understand him, seems to be saying that in the 20th Century—perhaps because of the previous death of God—morality is dying from inner rot. *The Fall* takes its place in the tradition of personal confessions and works of art that reveal the predicament of men who have placed themselves beyond the power and solace of Christianity yet continue to think in its terms, respond to its images and judge by its standards. Mostly, these have been men who are quick to greet Damnation but slow to recognize Grace. Nothing could be more painful, I should think, than to lose the redemptive anticipations provided by faith while remaining bound to its modes of self-judgment; and in one of its more important aspects *The Fall* reads as if it had been written by Ivan Karamazov to prove, not that he is like, but that he *is* Smerdyakov. It is a book one should like to see reviewed by D. H. Lawrence.

The Fall, by Albert Camus, translated by Justin O'Brien (Knopf, $3).

It is also a book that is likely to assume an emblematic importance in excess of its intrinisic merits as a work of art, for it provides a rich yield to cultural moralists, putative theologians, existentialist philosophers, students of the modern crisis, indeed to almost everyone but the literary critic. Between the attractions it offers to ideologies and its relative disposability as a novel there is, I think, a deep connection; for it is precisely the thinness of the book as a work of art, the gasping weariness of its brilliance, which brings us to the center of its morality.

The first half of *The Fall* reads like an impatient *precis* of a modern French novel: the kind of novel one expects from a sophisticated and knowledgeable young Parisian who has learned from Flaubert the hollowness of bourgeois appearances and from Sartre the ambiguity of all action and engagement. Camus now lacks the energy or interest to go through the motions—and given his outlook, why should he care to?—of dramatizing once again what the French call "bad faith," a phenomenon of the moral life that might be described as the half-conscious systematizing of insincerity. Looking back upon his earlier years in Paris as a distinguished public figure, the narrator, Jean-Baptiste Clamence, speaks to us directly from a bar in Amsterdam (throughout the book one feels oneself being button-holed by a prophet hunting prophecies). Hurriedly he runs through the items of his success as a lawyer, a lover, a friend, a public benefactor, a man of liberal sympathies —the kind of Frenchman, one imagines, who signs appeals to the conscience of the race and belongs to the League for the Rights of Man.

The breaking-point in his life, Clamence recalls, had come when he saw a young woman preparing to jump off a bridge but had done nothing to stop her. This act of cowardice, which he now recognizes as a normal reflex of self-interest, had shocked him into a knowledge of the self. There follows the essential action of the novel: an investigation into human motive as a means for dissolving the possibility of conduct.

FOR A long time after the incident on the bridge Clamence has been haunted by laughter in his ears: by conscience, perhaps, but even more by a burgeoning recognition of his essential unworthiness, which is something rather different from guilt since it is far more pervasive and far less open to an act of self-confrontation. Clamence discovers —it would be an exaggeration to claim that Camus endows this with a dramatic rather than a merely didactic value— that "man has two faces: he can't love without self-love." He discovers that when he helped impoverished clients in the court it was merely to gain praise; that when he helped an old woman in the street it was to win applause; that when he offered tenderness to his mistress it was simply to coax from her that sexual flattery which is so pleasing to a man's ego.

Vanity, ego, appetite, the urge to rule —that is all. But the worst of it is that morality, far from being an impediment to these impulses, is the means through which they are socially expressed and regulated: "modesty helped me to shine, humility to conquer, and virtue to oppress." Once this radical dispersal of moral pretense has been completed, there remains only the relief of debauchery, since "true debauchery is liberating because it creates no obligations. In it you possess only yourself; hence it remains the favorite pastime of the great lovers of their own person."

NOW, about mid-way through the book, we find Clamence, as he wanders the slums of Amsterdam, declaring himself a "judge-penitent." (Camus spares him no irony: "The more I accuse myself," says this judge-penitent, "the more I have a right to judge you.") By far the most brilliant section of the book is the latter half in which the voice of Clamence fades away and Camus subjects himself to the humiliation and penance of speaking in the name of—*as if he were*—Clamence.

"Ah, *mon cher,*" cries this voice, "for anyone who is alone, without God and without a master, the weight of days is dreadful. Hence one must choose a master, God being out of style." Distressing as this may be, we can accept it as full human speech: it is not, like some of the other quotable passages in the book, too elegant for a *cri de coeur.* And in the second half of the book, the sense of human unworthiness becomes overpowering, a dirge to the failure of man as an idea, quite apart from whether the first man sinned or in his fall we sinned all. Camus does not ask, by which standard is man judged unworthy?, nor, can the sheer existence of this standard perhaps redeem the unworthiness?, since he apparently regards man as a creature capable only of *imagining* himself as better than he is.

There is one passage, the most remarkable in the book, where Camus (one can hardly suppose this thought to have

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occurred to Clamence) sees Jesus, toward whom he feels a sad fraternal affection as the greatest of the sufferers, as tainted with ineradicable guilt: the Slaughter of the Innocents. ("The children of Judea massacred while his parents were taking him to a safe place—why did they die if not because of him? Those blood-spattered soldiers, those infants cut in two filled him with horror. But given the man he was, I am sure he could not forget them.") That Jesus was not "personally responsible" for the Slaughter does not matter, since in Camus' terms unworthiness (which Jesus shared with us, because he was human) is simply inherent in our circumstances:

> [Jesus], simply wanted to be loved, nothing more. Of course, there are those who love him, even among Christians. But they are not numerous. He had foreseen that too; he had a sense of humor. Peter, you know, the coward, Peter denied him: "I know not the man . . . I know not what thou sayest . . . etc." Really, he went too far! And my friend makes a play on words: "Thou art Peter, and upon this rock I will build my church." Irony could go no further. . . .

A good many pages before this outburst one has begun to feel that the problem of the book in the realm of ideas may perhaps best be approached through examining its literary structure. One cannot help being disturbed by a conflict between the ostensible form of the novel (the confessions of Clamence) and its "actual" form (a string of epigrammatic reflections).

And it is in the genuinely brilliant passages of the second part, where the stale backdrop of Paris is swept away and the speaking voice rises to pain and eloquence, that this conflict becomes particularly serious. Not because one is so sticky or formalistic as to worry about what most readers will regard as the mere convention of a narrator who, apart from Camus, has little reality of his own; it is quite proper to take Clamence as a seedy "double" who reflects not what Camus is (that would be slanderous) but what Camus charges himself with being.

The collapse of the pretense that it is a character who is speaking seems unavoidable once the assumptions of the book have begun to emerge. Given the obsessive investigation of motive—Camus forgets that the search for sincerity can become a bar to goodness—there can be no pressing interest in the business of writing a novel, which is to dramatize behavior. If an honest man can find nothing but what Clamence announces, then the deception at the end is merely the deception at the beginning: there can be no *agon,* no surprise

But the fact that the writing of novels is thus rendered a virtual impossibility is as nothing to the human consequences. For the assumption of *The Fall* is that St. Augustine was wrong in saying that "man is a great deep"; Clamence has no trouble in seeing to the bottom of that shallow deep. Camus, apart from the vanity of expressing despair in clever epigrams, becomes guilty of the sin of *acedia,* the pride of despair that presumes to enclose the totality of existence, just as Clamence is guilty of the more absurd pride of taking upon himself a cross too heavy for his quite routine sins, a cross he does not need to bear. In this book at least—and I am aware of the danger of identifying Camus too closely with the voice of *The Fall*—Camus seems to have lost the affection for created things that the novelist must have if he is to be a novelist and men must have if they are not simply to expire from boredom. ("*Ennui,*" wrote Henry James, is "at the end of everything that [does] not multiply our relations with life.") And what is equally troublesome is that the affection required by the novelist has not been replaced by the energy and rage that the satirist needs.

As a moral act *The Fall* seems to represent the frightening dead-end of a tradition that is devoted to the torturing of motive. *La revanche de St. Augustin,* a French friend has quipped about the book, meaning, I suppose, to suggest the power of rejected idols. And one also sees in *The Fall* that fixation upon motive—it necessarily means a fixation upon impurity—which characterizes Jansenism and which in psychoanalysis has been transformed into a concern with the distinction between latent and manifest meaning. It is the dead-end where self-confrontation becomes the destroyer of the self.

Reading *The Fall* I found myself unexpectedly made aware of my Jewish background, in which the depreciation of pride is utterly common but the wrecking of the self as the place of guilt is quite rare. I found myself thinking of the traditional Jewish morality of the deed, and wondering whether Clamence's act of helping that old woman in the street was not in some sense, quite regardless of the uses to which he put it beforehand and after, a good act. It is no small question—for that old woman will always be there in the street.

Labor's "Hired Brains"

by Will Herberg

The intellectual has always been a problem for the labor movement, and the labor movement a problem for the intellectual. Until recently, however, the problem was one of the relation of the outside radical ideologist, with his vision of the role labor ought to play in the reconstruction of society, to the actual workers' organizations serving very different, and certainly much more limited ends. On his part, the radical ideologist was prone to be impatient with the labor organizations that were perversely refusing to fulfil their "historical mission"; on their part, the trade unionists in the labor movement, even when themselves committed to radical politics, could not but feel restive at what appeared to them the irrelevant and impractical "philosophies" of the outside intellectual. Indeed, as Selig Perlman has insisted, labor unionism in the proper sense could not really get going until it had somehow shaken off or sidetracked the radical intellectual and thus become free to follow its own inner logic of development.

Intellectuals in Labor Unions, by Harold L. Wilensky (Free Press; $6).

Yet today there are many hundreds of intellectuals working within American labor unions in important capacities. They came in very largely in the early 1940's, reflecting the rapid expansion of unionism under the New Deal and the increasing involvement of labor unions

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with governmental agencies and administrative bodies in the course of their everyday activities; and they have remained to become an indispensable part of the newer institutional set-up of American labor. But it is a very different kind of intellectual—no longer the radical ideologist entering the movement in order to transform it (although a scattering of such still remain) but "hired brains" employed as staff experts in the complex operations of the modern labor union. Harold L. Wilensky calls them the "men of knowledge" in this fascinating study he has devoted to them and to their relations to the "men of power," the labor leaders. Wilensky bases his analysis on a comprehensive survey of 156 top staff experts who fulfil "intelligence" functions in 28 large and varied national unions in this country, and there is no reason to doubt that the picture he so painstakingly puts together represents a trustworthy view of what is going on in US labor unions.

THE main trend to be discerned in the changing role of the labor staff expert, Mr. Wilensky suggests, is a shift "away from ideas to jobs." The American labor movement, as it actually exists and functions, finds the technician, professional and Politico obviously useful—they "fit in" very well—and so it tends to shape its "men of knowledge" in one or another of these molds, whatever their official function in the organization. The process of adjustment and accommodation is perhaps the most significant finding of this study from the point of view of a larger understanding of the contemporary American labor movement. It should also serve to reveal to the social-minded young man or woman who aspires to "work in the labor movement" exactly what the nature of the work is likely to be: often important and rewarding work, but not quite what the idealist might imagine.

Mr. Wilensky's findings, moreover, hardly justify the talk of "managerial revolution" as far as labor unions are concerned, if the staff experts rather than the union leaders are taken as the "managers." The actual "managerial revolution," if so it may be termed, consists in the tendency of unions to increase their employment and use of experts; in the growing need for greater leadership competence as a consequence of which many "top union leaders are acquiring some expertise in their own right"; and in the fact that some "men of knowledge" are here and there moving into executive or quasi-executive positions. But the experts do not run the union, and are not likely to do so in any foreseeable future.

THESE considerations naturally bring up the problem of bureacracy. It is generally held that American unions have become thoroughly bureaucratic organizations. Judged, however, by Max Weber's classic definition of bureaucracy —minute division of labor and a clear-cut hierarchy of authority, with offices filled by fulltime appointed officials, who are politically neutral professionals enjoying established rewards for efficient service—the American labor union,

> . . . both from the objective side and from the subjective side, presents a picture of slowly growing but as yet embryonic bureaucracy. . . . The beginnings of bureaucratization are there, but it is a process that comes to the trade unions only slowly.

Typically, the division of labor is still not very fine or clearcut, nor is the hierarchy of authority very well defined. The professionalization of function is making considerable headway, but the actual leadership pattern in an average American labor union is not simply or primarily bureaucratic: it is a complex and curious mixture of charismatic, bureaucratic, and patrimonial (boss) elements — "personalized bureaucracy" is Mr. Wilensky's term for it. However, things are changing.

> With the rise of better educated, more efficiency-minded labor leaders, at once reflecting and strengthening the integration of labor into American society, we can expect a devitalization of the charismatic and basist aspects of union administration, and an accentuation of the bureaucratic ones.

For the staff expert, advance in bureaucratization will mean greater security, a better understanding and appreciation of his work, and less difficult working conditions all around; "for the union, however, a low degree of bureaucratization may spell greater flexibility in the accomplishment of its organizational goals . . . [and] of the larger tasks facing it in a world crisis. . . . "

Mr. Wilensky's analysis repeatedly raises, and on occasion, focuses, some of the most fundamental questions as to the nature of the labor movement and its role in democratic society. It would go beyond the scope of this review to deal with these in any comprehensive manner, but I think it will not be out of place to indicate some of the areas in which these problems arise.

1. The present-day American labor union is, at one and the same time, (a) a businesslike service organization, operating a variety of agencies under a complicated system of industrial relations; and (b) an expression and vehicle of the historical movement of the submerged laboring masses for social recognition and democratic self-determination. This duality results in a deepgoing conflict of purpose. As a business-like service organization, the union requires efficient bureaucratic administration, very much like a bank or insurance company; the members of the union are essentially clients entitled to the best service for their money. But as a phase of the democratic self-liberation movement of modern times, the union is a crusading reform movement.

Most American unions are well advanced in the "cycle from sect to church, from protest movement to stable administrative organ," yet, as Mr. Wilensky well knows, "the weight of their past character as a protest movement is [still] very much with the unions," and is bound to remain with them for a long time. The typical staff expert in the union, unless he happens to be a Missionary (very few of them are left) or a Politico, tends to be rather impatient with the mass-movement features of the organization, which he regards as largely obsolete vestiges of a bygone day; he wants to get on with the work in hand. It remains a question, however, whether the elimination of these features would not radically alter the labor movement and largely destroy its significance in a pluralistic democracy. Bureaucratic efficiency may be bought at too heavy a cost.

2. Mr. Wilensky notes that the staff expert, especially the Internal Communications Specialist, tends not only to buttress the union officer's prestige and authority, but also to "promote new styles of leadership—the substitution of persuasion for coercion, of manipulation for persuasion." Some of the union leaders, he discovered, showed

> . . . a new concern with the worker's mind, a new demand for total, not

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partial, loyalty and commitment: the worker should not only do as the union tells him to do; he should have the conviction that what he's doing is right and proper.

Staff experts, with a social science interest in the manipulation of minds, tend to sympathize with this new desire on the part of union leaders and are usually ready to do what they can to implement it. It is through them that the ethos of what William H. Whyte Jr. calls the Organization Man penetrates into the labor movement; the union members in general are immune to it, but not the staff expert, the new intellectual in the labor movement.

3. In part because of his general outlook, and in part because it is in the peripheral fields in which his influence is most likely to make itself felt, the labor staff expert is almost always interested in expanding the activities of the union beyond its core concerns with industrial relations. He thus falls in with the current "progressive" trend in unionism to make the union serve the workers in all areas, claiming indeed to constitute for its members their "true society" with its own rich and comprehensive "way of life." Mr. Wilensky seems to approve of this expansive tendency, but the question may be asked whether this type of "progressivism" does not harbor totalistic impulses dangerously out of line with the pluralistic character of our democracy. As Clark Kerr has pointed out, there is something inherently totalitarian in any power group, whether state, corporation, union, or church, claiming unlimited jurisdiction over the concerns of life and demanding total allegiance within this ever-expanding area. "If you see an organization, whether public or private, which seeks to be the only one which can do you any good," Chancellor Kerr advises, "make it run for its life." This is good advice for the democratic trade unionist.

Substitutes for Conversation

by Donald Malcolm

It is plain, from the testimony of his former students at Princeton, that Christian Gauss was an extraordinary teacher. Edmund Wilson has acknowledged his debt to him, in a tribute that serves as a prologue to *The Shores of Light,* and has indicated that John Peale Bishop and F. Scott Fitzgerald were also profoundly influenced by his teaching.

The Papers of Christian Gauss, edited by Katherine Gauss Jackson and Hiram Haydn (Random House; $6).

Fitzgerald himself, in a letter written just after the publication of *Tender Is The Night,* told Gauss that, "There comes a time when a writer writes only for certain people . . . and you are one of the people for whom I, subconsciously, write." And Judge Harold R. Medina, in still another tribute, confessed:

> In critical times I always wondered whether he approved or would approve of things I said and did. And this went on for over 40 years.

One would expect, then, that the publication of *The Papers of Christian Gauss* would be an event of considerable intellectual and literary interest. Unfortunately it is not. The Christian Gauss who emerges is an amiable scholar, but not a remarkable one.

To a certain extent, the responsibility for this impression may be laid at the door of the editors, who apparently considered no scrap of paper from his piles too trivial for inclusion. The following notes for a speech introducing Clarence Darrow to a debating society will serve as a representative specimen:

> Mr. Darrow is the gallant defender of lost causes. He has defended many of them, he has defended evolutionists and anarchists, working men and college students. Can't tell to what lengths he'll go. May defend college professors. Only mildly astonished if he found it in his large heart to say a good word for deans.

Now this passage makes it clear that Gauss could tell a professorial joke as well as the next professor, one can't help wondering what prompted the editors to include such stuff in his collected writings.

There is more real interest in the exchange of letters with Wilson than in all that came before. Gauss offered sensible criticism of Wilson's early writings and enthusiastic praise. He made of himself a catalytic agent in the chemistry of Wilson's ideas and took, we feel, an especial delight and pride in the development of his former pupil. Yet even here—if we accept the estimate of Wilson, Fitzgerald and Medina—Gauss eludes our expectations. He obviously felt that correspondence was a poor substitue for conversation. In his tribute to Gauss, Wilson said:

> The work of a great teacher who is not, as Gauss was not, a great writer is almost as likely to be irrecoverable as the work of a great actor.

And so it has proved.

Launched

SHIP-LAUNCHED at last. The harbor slips astern.
The buck and slap of harbor-smothered waves
swell up and drown the bow in bluffed spray.
The shadow gulls veer belly-up and churn
a whitening wind for land. The black sun burns
the coast away, the blinding cliffs away.
Ahead, the long, blue-echoed sea. The grey,
sea-scalloped sky. No other face to turn.

No port to shrink this swift immensity,
and no white isle to cage the soaring eye.
The blue line sinks and crests eternally.
The wake foams up. The sails bell out and fly.
Many a man has drowned and found the sea,
and some few seamen sunk and found the sky.

PAUL PETRIE

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A COMMUNICATION ON CIVIL DEFENSE

None for the Road

SOMETIME in the early spring, the Old Donnybrook-University of C——c's *Joint Plan for Universal Anaesthesia* will be made to the public. As one of the original consultants on the Old Donnybrook Study Group,* I am aware that I am likely to be accused of envy and ingratitude for thus announcing my objections to the Plan before its official release. But I assure my former colleagues that this is not so. I oppose the Plan on disinterested grounds, and it is to secure sober consideration of the Plan—and my choice of words is deliberate—that I am determined to present the negative side before "dry runs" and otherwise have stupefied the public into acceptance of Old Donnybrook.

It must be admitted that the Plan is admirably simple, resting as it does upon two generally accepted principles: that as things now stand, the practicable defense of our cities against atomic or hydrogen attack is virtually impossible: and that the human body, to say nothing of the human spirit, can best accept violent upset in a state of relaxation. The Plan simply encourages the people who might be caught in the cities when the alert sounds to stop trying to hide or get out—these gestures being futile in the extreme—but rather to get as much pleasure as possible out of their last few moments.

Under government subsidy, special disaster reserves of spirits, mainly, I think, bourbon whiskey, are to be maintained in the taverns, bars, and cocktail lounges of all metropolitan areas likely to be attacked, such bars, etc., to receive official designation as Disaster Comfort Stations. Then, when the alert should come, every citizen within the indicated areas would be invited to repair to his favorite public house and consume as much of the disaster reserves as he had time for. No one, as they say, would know what hit him.

Some readers of this Journal may think that only a killjoy would deny those millions of doomed wretches a last fling, one on the house at that. But such persons are, I fear, defeatists; they assume with the authors of the Plan and with the federal government, which seems to have given up on Civil Defense, that the situation is indeed hopeless; that, as Civil Defense Administrator Val Peterson says, "there is no such thing as a nation being prepared for a thermonuclear war." Hence, they ask, why not grace the inevitable with a free fifth? (For such is the ration proposed, although it was my own experience that much less would do.)

Tipsification, leading to euphoria, then complacency, and finally stupefaction are the avowed objects of the Plan.

But is it not agreed, at least among thinking people, that the men and women we want saved, if any can be, are those of spirit, those in whom the appetite for life is strong? But if we divide mankind into two classes, the followers of Bacchus and the teetotallers (and destiny in the shape of an arching ICBM loaded with a hydrogen warhead will not wait upon any nicer distinction) which is the likelier to exhibit the qualities just mentioned? The drinkers, of course; *yet it is just they whom the Plan condemns, in effect, to extinction!*

IF ANY persons escaped, would it not be those not otherwise engaged, those still capable of motivation by the primary instincts at the decisive moment——namely, those not participating in the *Joint Plan for Universal Anaesthesia?* Consider just one small consequence: we should undoubtedly have a return to Prohibition—catastrophe would put the drys in the majority.

I submit, therefore, that the country will be better off if every man's personal defense remain on a catch-as-catch-can basis, with life and safety going to those who can practice just those virtues which a nation at war would require—strength, resourcefulness, and a strong desire to live. At the moment of trial, let us withstand the temptation of a pleasant hour or so with our foot on the rail (taking, we might say, "one for the road"); let us rather have what we should have if the bombs fell this very day; a brutal, crushing scramble for the exits. Let each have his chance, according to his natural and sober capabilities; let us have no little children, no halting invalids, no doddering senior citizens wandering around helplessly while their parents and guardians drink themselves into irresponsibility *and* while the teetotallers pick the straight and narrow way to safety; rather let us have the teetotallers, children, invalids, etc., caught in the general exodus, and on the way ground under heel by the strongest and quickest. It will be the survival of the fittest, and the fittest are what we require.

THERE are other objections to the Plan, but I shall conclude with just two more, which are humanitarian and moral. I freely admit my idealistic bias and leave the other practical considerations to practical men; this is, it might be said, the egghead brief. I have already hinted at the humanitarian angle.

The major failure of the Plan is to provide for the welfare of the children adequately. The Plan permits a take-home ration to parents so that they can do their drinking in the family circle. And it will be suggested that the children themselves might be allowed to share in the festive spirits on this one occasion. But as every one knows, a taste for hard liquor (beer and light wine not sufficing for the present purpose, which is relatively rapid oblivion) has to be acquired, the throat having to be hardened before the benefits of the specific can be experienced. I very much doubt that the majority of children, at least of the toddler age, can meet this condition. Furthermore, what about those parents devoted to barhopping? It is the very essence of the Plan, as I understand it, to provide a gay, convivial, and above all carefree atmosphere in the Disaster Comfort Stations—but what could be more dis-

*Held under the auspices of the National Policy Institute at the University of C——. As a non-scientist, I was regarded as something of an interloper from the very beginning, but I think I may point out that my studies in the thematic use of mead in the Old English poem *Beowulf* were well known.

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tressing or sobering than the spectacle of a lost child stumbling from bar to bar looking for its parents?

The moral objection (what reader of *The New Republic* can fail to be impressed by it?) arises from the Plan's inference as to the pluck and preparedness of a free people. If the American people are to defend themselves against surprise nuclear attack, they must know what measures are to be taken and what they must do. But in my own large city we do not even know how to get out of town. The apparent or relative inaction of our governments, local and national, in this regard represents an incredible state of affairs, but the public's indifference is even more remarkable. How little outcry have we heard to Val Peterson's estimate that a surprise enemy attack would kill about 50 percent of the American people, regardless of whether they had bomb shelters!

Even so, I cannot admit that our people will not be anxious to save something from the wreckage: at least let us not base public policy on a negligence which amounts to besotted suicide. It is always possible that we may sometime find the energy and will to prevent disaster in the first place: but if dissolved into atoms we must be, let us be so as human beings—frightened and sober.

FREDERICK WALLER

MOVIES

Hollywood Strains at the Leash

THERE'S more to be said for *The Great Man* than was said in *The New Republic* of February 4th. It isn't just a film that looks "as if it is saying something fearless about radio, while actually doing nothing of the kind." In one aspect, I suppose, *The Great Man* is to be taken as an episode in Hollywood's despairing war against radio and television. But if that were all, one could only welcome it as a mordant and arresting film, pleasantly alive with the venom of intramural competition in the entertainment world. It has, however, a larger interest. Indeed, in its mood of ambiguous cynicism, it represents a refreshing throwback to the Hollywood of the early thirties, before decency was imposed on movie-making. It is less exuberant than *The Front Page* or *Blonde Bombshell*, as befits this more sober age, but it has a quiet nihilism of its own.

The Great Man (Universal - International).

The story is simple enough. A great radio star has died, a man whose friendly chuckle and homely philosophy have brought happiness to fifty million homes. The network, making its last capitalization on the investment, plans a solemn program in his memory; Joe Harris, assigned to prepare the program, is also a leading contender for the dead man's spot, with its immense prestige and paycheck. Working on the broadcast, he discovers that to all who knew him the great man was a great heel. But his own confusion of motives, his own intermittent susceptibility to the values of the radio world, keep Harris on the job. Then, in the end, he cannot go through with it. On the night, he discards the prepared program and tells the truth (surely a narrative flaw here: how could the interview tapes have been ready to carry out an impulse which evidently did not occur until the speaker was on the air?) But irony wins through: the head of the network, noting that integrity and crusading also sell products, indicates that Joe Harris is in. Instead of destroying himself to keep his honor, Joe has made himself a great man, too. The audience hardly knows whether to laugh or weep.

THE script is worked out with meticulous care to give the film an astringent flavor. All the characters assume that the intent of the mass media is to deceive the public about its idols; one scary bit shows how interviews on tape can be cut to reverse the sense of the original. As Joe Harris passes from one of the star's acquaintances to the next, the impression of wreckage in everything the great man has touched is brilliantly sustained. Every part is well observed and acted; Ed Wynn must get special mention for a five-minute performance of rare beauty. The director (José Ferrer) and the writers (Ferrer and Al Morgan, the author of the novel on which the film is based) have, moreover, an accurate and unforced sense of human relationships. The scenes between Harris and his secretary and Harris and the sound engineer come through with a naturalness unusual in movies. Nor is anything spared in suggesting the degradation in a large corporation. Sardonic dialogue and sharp, naturalistic photography heighten the harshness. Only Ferrer's own performance as Joe Harris seems occasionally a little lethargic and deadpan; he hardly convinces the audience that he is a potential Arthur Godfrey; though perhaps this makes a necessary contrast to the savagery around him.

But the harshness of the film is more than cinematic; it is moral. None of the pieties of the days gets a passing obeisance. Like *Baby Doll, The Great Man* rejects moralism, both liberal and conservative, while it affirms a more searching morality. One observes a certain skittishness in intellectual circles about *Baby Doll*, even in the columns of *The New Republic*, as if enjoyment of that brilliant peasant comedy were indecent —not in these circles because of the sex, of course, but because the people involved are squalid or subnormal and are thus somehow exploited. Probably it is equally wrong to laugh at people who, when they try to be honest, find that the broadcasting networks can, if forced to the wall, turn honesty to their own purposes. But both *Baby Doll* and *The Great Man* offer a more complex slant on life than Hollywood has recently provided us. Both express the moods of directors—Kazan and Ferrer—with individual vision and artistic vitality. Both introduce a precious unpredictability into movie-going. Both deny the glib pulpit moralism of the fifties as well as the glib patriotic moralism of the forties and the glib social moralism of the thirties. It is too much, I am sure, to suppose that they represent a trend. But they clearly do represent a straining at the leash. Almost anything idiosyncratic is a pleasure nowadays. *The Great Man*, like *Baby Doll*, deserves a vote of gratitude.

ARTHUR SCHLESINGER, JR.

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ART

It May Be Therapy, but It's not Art

MENTION was recently made on this page of the curious art situation in Chicago, where the native sons are truculently convinced that the authorities have sold out to the effete and non-objective East and where the authorities react to this expressed conviction by turning the other chic, becoming more determinedly non-objective than any Easterner in the business. By and large, while the protestants make all the noise and certainly have the Chicago papers completely on their side, the authorities have the final quiet say about what is selected for exhibition. In no case does the embattled native find this more galling than in the annual regional show, known as the Chicago and Vicinity.

Historically, the nub of the continuing controversy has been the jury system, which brings in reputable outsiders to pass judgment on native work. The native sons feel strongly that disreputable insiders could do a better job, but they were almost to a man disarmed by the Art Institute's 1957 ploy: this year, Chicago and Vicinity is a No Jury show with no holds barred. If an artist could get his work to the door of the Navy Pier in Chicago, it was in the show. 2671 works of art, so to speak, made it to the door. It would be hard to find a more convincing argument in favor of juries.

The Navy Pier is a vast long hall presumably chosen because of its vastness. It is lighted well enough for ordinary freight transfer operations, but the lighting is haphazard and dim for a monster show of pictures. The hanging is double, sometimes triple deck; obviously even more paintings were expected than arrived, since many of the free standing partitions are completely hung on the bottom, or midget viewer, level, completely bare on top.

Even on the unlikely assumption that 2,500 respectable, new works of art could be found in a single American city, the size of the show is physically impossible. The eye, the legs and the mind have their limitations. When the visitor recovers from his initial dismay at the sheer mileage of the great warehouse, one overwhelming impression emerges from the painting and sculpture itself. A No Jury show, by its very nature, is an exhibition of amateur art and a pretty dull one. The really outlandish entries—a palace made of sugar cubes, a carved and painted stage coach, a self-portrait with real marbles glued in for eyes—are not nearly as wearying as the plain incompetence of the vast majority of the work on view.

RELIGIOUS ART is surprisingly strong in number and most of it is copied from the frightful holyographs turned out by religious goods factories over the last century. The most popular portrait subjects are the Pope and the late Albert Einstein. Old Dog Tray is well represented. There are scores of female nudes, indicating, perhaps, some kind of advance for the amateur painter, who, ten years ago, never touched the stuff, or, if he did, never showed it. It is of minor interest that pubic hair seems to have become an extrinsic distinction between amateur and professional. The very few satisfactory nudes in the show all use the little triangle as a compositional element; the amateurs either pretend it isn't there or evade the question in posing the figure.

We already knew that non-professional painting and, to a much lesser extent, sculpture, are being practiced today as they have not been in this country for more than a century. It is also well known that the facilities for art instruction on every level, from formal studio sessions to the general availability of good art and good reproductions, are better than ever. Somewhere, there's a missing connection. Most of the thousands of people who have "taken up painting" have done so without a thought in the world of what it's all about. And if, as I believe, the Chicago No Jury show is a fair sample of the painting that is increasingly practiced as a kind of therapy, then this new popularity will do nothing at all toward introducing the culturally underprivileged to the authentic artistic life of his community. More likely, it will deepen the gulf.

There are, of course, some kindly lights amid the encircling gloom on the Navy Pier. The top prize in the show went to Eleanor Coen's "Growing City," a large abstraction in many colors composed in individual strokes and getting a fine sense of light and depth. Le Roy Nieman's two paintings, "Waltz" and "Casino," are good examples of this young Chicagoan's specialty, an unsentimental rendering of the dull-idiocy side of urban high life. He paints in sharp strokes of bright colors, many of them close to neon. The paintings have a bouncy composition without reference to their subject matter, but the two aspects are perfectly related. "Casino" is very similar to a painting Nieman has in the Corcoran Biennial, a horizontal bar interior dominated by the swirl of back bar bottles and under bar racked glasses, all done in brights, played against the economically garish customers at the bar, the whole dominated by the mat figure of the bartender.

Richard Florsheim's "Night Mill" is better than anything of his I've seen in years, a large vertical, the bottom half composed in a black geometry of structural steel forms and reaching up from this the subtly painted flames of heavy industry making a curtain against the night.

There are, in fact, enough good paintings on hand to make a good small show. The Art Institute will do that later in the spring—to the predictable outrage of hundreds of hobbyists who have just had their first and, it is hoped, their last public exhibition.

FRANK GETLEIN

Notes on Contributors

IRVING HOWE'S new book, *Politics and the Novel*, will be published later this Month. WILL HERBERG, professor of social philosophy at Drew University, was formerly research analyst and educational director of a large AF of L union. PAUL PETRIE is working on a new book of poems. FREDERICK WALLER is on the English faculty of the University of Illinois. ARTHUR SCHLESINGER JR. is the author of *The Age of Roosevelt*. FRANK GETLEIN is art critic of *The Milwaukee Journal*.

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Correspondence

(*Continued from page* 3)

obscene," courts should be left free "to balance the sometimes contradictory aims of protecting youth and protecting serious literature."

When Inspector Herbert W. Case was heading Detroit's censorship bureau, from 1937 until 1955, all went well: book and magazine distributors co-operated with the police. When a book was put on the *verboten* list, distributors took it out of circulation. As the list was not known to the public, no one knew anything about the book. Police in many cities asked for the list, and Mr. Case said in 1952 that one publisher even sent him new titles in MS so that "deletions can be made before going to print."

Locally, however, no one seemed to care about what was going on, even when told by the assistant county prosecutor (whose office co-operated with the city police and prosecuted offenders under the now outlawed statute): "If I feel that I wouldn't want my 13-year-old daughter reading it, I decide it's illegal." Edward R. Murrow's representative, looking over Detroit for a national telecast on censorship, said: "I've never seen such enormous public apathy to what we supposed was a real menace to freedom." How great this threat to freedom might become may be judged by those who know that a pocket-type magazine was removed from bookstalls not on the ground of obscenity but because it contained remarks considered derogatory to the police!

When Inspector Melville E. Bullock, not as able a man as Case, became chief censor, the National Organization for Decency in Literature and others persuaded him to ban items which had circulated freely before; *i.e.*, a Marilyn Monroe calendar. Under supposedly Roman Catholic demands, he also banned *Facts of Life and Love for Teen-Agers,* which had been recommended by the Detroit Council of Churches and approved by *Parents' Magazine.* Then John O'Hara's *Ten North Frederick* was banned in its paperback edition, and the city's police commissioner himself added the hard-cover edition of this novel to the list, with the explanation that he didn't want his 17-year-old son to read it.

Despite the Supreme Court's ruling, it is likely that the book banners will continue to harass local distributors. But, at least there are signs of progress: the pending case against *Ten North Frederick* is now expected to be dismissed.

WILLIAM WHITE

Detroit, Michigan

The New Republic *welcomes communications from its readers in regard to subjects of current interest. Those of 300 words or less lend themselves to publication more readily than longer letters.*

► *The Magical Ready-Mades*

I've read *The New Republic* so long that I should love it like a mother and tolerate its weaknesses. But a piece of so-called art criticism by Frank Getlein was too far below the standard you had previously set for your readers.

He writes of the 62nd Show at the Chicago Art Institute with an emotional block on his shoulder that he dares us to knock off.

For instance, he mentions "Joseph Cornell, who is quite possibly the most unimportant artist now working" and then lists, as if they were ridiculous, all the things that Cornell, in his unique genius, has assembled for the creation of one of his magical ready-mades. Just because Mr. Getlein doesn't get Cornell's message, is no reason to suppose he isn't communicating. He goes on to describe, not analyze, the paintings of James Brook and Larry Rivers as if he were standing in front of them with a flashlight, uncovering them inch by inch and listing their component parts as if he were taking inventory.

These are serious painters who have been making a definite and challenging statement for several years past, both in their exhibited works and in their published writings for the Museum of Modern Art and for the Whitney. And they have merited the sober consideration of these museums and of the more thoughtful critics throughout the country. Mr. Getlein mentions only a few paintings, obviously because he has thought of something silly and superficial to say about them. He is a smart aleck, not a critic.

RUTH E. WILNER

Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania.

. . . *Mr. Getlein Replies*

By building his magical "ready-mades" in three *actual* dimensions—yet not sculptural—Cornell invites us to enter into his suggestively titled "Pavilion." At the entrance a column and a slat, both painted in no-gloss white, sum up the whole world of art—the rounded view as opposed to the flat surface—while the jagged fragments of glass perhaps recall seven years bad luck and the broken window through which the world seemed measurable and dealable with. This motif is repeated in the zodiacal figures seen through the deglassed window at the rear: we once could map the universe in an hour: now we're lucky to get downtown and back without losing our way. . . .

I can do this as well as the next man, but it's an awful waste of time.

FRANK GETLEIN

Milwaukee, Wisconsin

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MALCOLM COWLEY in *The New Republic*

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